

Alphonso
KING
OF
NAPLES.
A
TRAGEDY.

As it is Acted at the Theatre Royal,
By Their Majesties Servants.

Written by
GEORGE POWELL.

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To Her

GRACE

THE

DUTCHESS

OF

ORMOND, &c.

MADAM,

WHere the Porticoes of Palaces stand like those of Temples, and the Great and the Fair leave their Accesses unbarr'd, Exalted Honour in that condescending Goodness, is so far from lessening its Grandeur, that it rather heightens its State; when True Magnificence must certainly consist in the Numbers of wondring Eyes around it, and Crowds of bending Knees before it. This Argument, which I hope I have not mistaken, is my best Warrant for this Confidence.

I confess, indeed, in my Approach to Your Grace, I ought to consider how I find your Court fill'd with Quality, whilst that Nobler Train throngs up Your Presence, that my poor Intrusion is a little too presumptuous. This truly I ought to consider, did I not at the same time reflect, that on the very Scaffolds at

The EPISTLE

Coronations, there are some remoter Benches, (or to speak in my own Province) some Upper Gallery Seats, even for poorer Homagers; the Voice of Adoration, and Echoes of Triumph being not only loudest but sweetest, where all Tongues unite in the Choire; whilst the lowest Humility may make up as hearty, though not so gay, a part of the Ceremony.

From that Distant Bench, I beseech Your Grace to believe, that this Addressing Paper is handed down over the Heads of Honour to Your Grace's Feet. 'Tis true, I have dared to dedicate this Trifle to Your Grace, and in it publish that piece of Boldness to the World, which how far they may forgive me, I am not so much concerned, provided Your own Descending Mercy vouchsafe my Pardon.

And thus enter'd under Your Grace's glittering Roof, my dazzled Veneration presents me so large and so hallow'd a prospect, the concentrating Worth of Two Illustrious Families, that in a long long Line from their Renown'd Originals, number their fair devolving Honours by Centuries. The Great Ormond, and Your bright Self, a fair last Branch of the Royal Plantagenets, so Noble an Union, in that successive Roll of Fame, bring up the splendid Reer to so distant a Front, Your Remoter Leading Ancestors, as requires a Travel into Annals for a full Survey; so ample Your Hereditary Glories, that 'tis a Voyage but to coast 'em.

But whither am I rapt! I am wandring into so spacious a Field, a speculation so far above me, that the Theme is too sacred for the trembling Pen of so poor a Mushroom Scribler to venture at, Your Graces Herald, and Your Panegyrist, being both an Attempt beyond my humble Talent. Besides, there's Ob-

DEDICATORY.

ject enough for my Adoration in a nearer View of Your Grace's radiant Vertues; an Influence so powerful, Greatness so prideless, Wit so elevated, Piety so exemplary; and to crown all these, Your Nuptial Glory, a Conjugal Affection, so inimitable, that a ministring Cornelia might be proud to hold up Your Train; And all these lodged in so Beautiful a Personage, so sacred the Divinity, and so bright the Shrine. The prospect, I say, of these sublime Perfections intirely takes up my humble Devotion; without looking back into Urns and Monuments, Records and Chronicles, for their Glorious Derivation. But my Contemplation of those Adorable Vertues is not alone sufficient; give me leave to Congratulate their Felicities too, the attending smiles of Providence, Vertues divine Rewarder; when, as an earnest-blessing, the Great Ormond, under the Victorious Royal Standard, has made his first Entry into a Grove of Lawrels, by bewing out the possession of his recover'd Patrimony, by a Sword and an Arm, worthy the Inheriting Son of so Heroick a Father. The Continuance of whose Fortunate Successes, the rich, fair Harvest of a Field of Honour abroad, and Your Grace's no less Trophies, the Pride and Ornament of a Court at home, (a fair divided Triumph between You) shall ever be the Prayers of,

Madam,

Your Grace's

Most Obedient

and most devoted Servant,

George Powell.

THE PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr *Powell*;

As it was Written by Mr. *John Haynes*.

PRepar'd to dam' my Play, methinks you sit
As if you'd all took Physick in the Pit.
'Tis hard you won't allow in any Case
To a Young Player either Wit or Grace.
You use us like lewd Women of the Town,
(With Punk and Poet you deal much at one) }
First You enjoy us, then you kick us down.
" But there's a mighty difference in our Cases;
" You dam' new Plays, but cry up all new Faces.
" And us, poor Devils, you cheaply do mis-use;
" A clipp'd Half-Crown you think pays our abuse.
" But with your Miss 'tis quite another thing,
" The Bag of Honey's sweet; but 'ware the Sting.
" In Wit too, nought but currant Gold will pass,
" In Love, a Heart of steel, a Face of brass,
Yet have I known, for love of such a Filt,
A doughty Hero physick first, then Tilt.

Since then -----

I hope to find no Favour in your Eyes,
Who all new Plays before they're heard despise.
From you to the Fair Sex I now appeal,
To whom you dare not but be proud to kneel.

Bright

Bright Ladies then, whose Rays throughout the Pit,
 Do influence all around with Love and Wit,
 "Oh tune their Judgments e'er my Fate be known,
 "'Tis in your Power to make my Case their own:
 For with their FOIBLES did not you dispence,
 Which of 'em to your Smiles could plead pretence,
 For Dress and Fortune make your Man of Sense.
 Since then 'tis Fancy gives gay Nonsense Charms,
 Which the Fair Sex of Judgment oft disarms;
 Let Fancy too, that rules the Wise, the Brave,
 That makes a Captive free, a Prince a slave,
 The Lawyer honest, th' Honest Man a Knave;
 That gives Content to Cuckolds, Wealth to th' Poor,
 To Courtiers Friendship, true Love to a Whore,
 That makes your Vizard Mask appear a Queen,
 Who hides her Face on purpose to be seen,
 And Apes of Quality, fond Misses think
 The Spark's in Love that prais'd 'em in his drink;
 Fancying their Beauty 'tis that so prevails,
 When we all know the Charm lies in their Tails.
 Let Fancy then, that leads the World astray,
 Triumph o'er Wit to night, and save my Play,
 And then I'll laugh at Wits on my Third Day.

WOMEN

Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

A <i>Lphonso</i> , King of <i>Naples</i> .	Mr. Bowman.
<i>Ferdinand</i> , Prince of <i>Theffaly</i> , in Love with <i>Urania</i> .	} Mr. Powell.
<i>Cesario</i> , General of <i>Naples</i> , privately Contracted to <i>Urania</i> .	} Mr. Mountfort.
<i>Tachmas</i> , His Brother, banisht from <i>Naples</i> , and lives disguised in the Habit of a <i>Hermit</i>	} Mr. Hodgson.
<i>Vincentio</i> , } Commanders.	{ Mr. Bridges.
<i>Sigismond</i> , }	{ Mr. Cibber.
<i>Oswell</i> , Creature to <i>Ferdinand</i> .	Mr. Freeman.
<i>Fabio</i> , an Impudent, Impertinent Courtier.	} Mr. Bowen.
Attendant.	Mr. Kirkham.

WOMEN.

<i>Urania</i> , Princess of <i>Naples</i> .	Mrs. Bracegirdle.
<i>Ardelia</i> , her Confident.	Mrs. Richardson.

Scene *NAPLES*.

ACT

ACT I. SCENE I.

Urania discover'd melancholy, Ardelia standing by her.

Ardel. **D**ear Madam, do not wear this clouded Brow,
Those lively Looks that us'd to cheer the Court,
Are now grown Strangers to you.

Urania. Prithee Peace.

Can I look pleasant in *Cesar's* Absence?

As well the Sun, wrapt in a dark Eclipse,
May appear beautiful to th' frighted World.

Oh when, *Cesar*, when wilt thou return,

To free me from thy hated Rival's Suit!

This *Ferdinand*, Disturber of my Peace.

Ardel. Madam, you need not thus disturb your self.
He takes all humble ways to gain your Heart:

Your Father too seems not to force your Love,

And if *Cesar* comes with Conquest home,

The King's Consent perhaps may make you his.

Urania. What Musick's that?

[*Soft Musick within.*]

Ardel. 'Tis with Prince *Ferdinand*.

Uran. Musick from *Ferdinand*!

The Groans of tortur'd Ghosts were Airs more pleasing.

SONG within.

I.

When Silvia is kind, and Love plays in her Eyes,
I think 'tis no Morning till Silvia does rise;

Of Silvia the Hills and the Valleys all ring,

Her Beauty's the Subject each Shepherd does sing:

But, if she proves cruel, how little will move

Those Charms which inspir'd us with Raptures of Love?

Thy Rigour, dear Sylvia, will shorten thy Reign,

And make our bright Goddess a Mortal again.

II.

[Here enters *Ferdinand*, who stands gazing on *Urania*.]

Love heightens our Joys; he's the Ease of our Care;

Inspires the Valiant, and crowns all the Fair:

B

Ob

Oh seize his soft Wings then before 'tis too late,
 Or Cruelly quickly will hasten thy Fate.
 — *Thy Kindness, dear Silvia, 'tis Kindness alone,*
Will add to thy Lovers, and strengthen thy Throne:
In Love as in Empire, Tyrannical Sway
Will make Loyal Subjects forget to obey.

Urania. Now, now begins my Horrour:
 The fatal Bell, shou'd it proclaim my Death,
 Were Sphere-like Musick to this Night-Crow's Voice.

Ferdinand. Still, my *Urania*, still that angry Brow,
 Dearer than Life, but Oh, more cold than Death!
 Thou fair Insensible, still deaf to all.

My Sighs, my Vows, my Prayers, Prayers that move Gods,
 And melt down Blessings even from Heav'n, are Eloquence
 Too weak to touch the more adored *Urania*.

— *Uran.* Oh *Ferdinand*, why do you still pursue
 Your hopeless Suit, how oft have I deny'd you?
 Nay, when Denials, those rough Arguments,
 Have been but unsuccessful Orators,
 What soft Intreaties have I gently murmur'd,
 To lull that Passion which but only wakes
 To rack your Quiet, and to ruine mine!

Ferd. Too cruel Fair!

Uran. I know, great Prince, you are the Man design'd,
 By my most Royal Father, for my Husband;
 But wou'd you wed my Person without Love?
 There are a Thousand Beauties wou'd affect you;
 Beauties, whose Charms do far exceed *Urania's*,
 And would be happy in so brave a Prince.

Ferd. Why do you treat me thus like cruel Judges,
 Who speak them fairest whom they mean shou'd die?
 What Charms can ever equal bright *Urania's*?
 Or who (indeed) is worthy to possess 'em?
 Were I the Glorious Monarch of the Skies,
 By Heav'n, I'd place my Thunder in thy Hand;
 Make Nature and her Laws owne thy Command;
 Mount thee aloft on my proud Eagle's Wings;
 Whilst all my lesser Gods, like Captive Kings,
 And fawning Courtiers, fill'd thy shining Train;
 Thou o'er thy *Yove* so Absolute shou'dst Reign:
 To kiss thy Feet my Heavens should Homage pay:
 And crowding Stars make a new Milky Way.

Uran.

Uran. Forbear this Language I with Horrour bear:
Alas, I've made a strict and solemn Vow.

Ferd. A Vow! to what? to whom? Ah speak!

Uran. To one who merits all that I can give.
To one that long has kept my Heart a Prisoner:
With whom I've vow'd it shall remain for ever;
Make me not perjur'd, keep your Kindness in,
For Love and I must never meet agen.

Ferd. What murder'ing Sounds are these! and must this happy,
Blest, Cursed Rival have more Pow'r than I?

Uran. Pardon me, Sir, when I am bound to say,
And die to prove it true:
Not all the Sun sees must alter me;
Not Empires buy my Love, nor Tortures force it.

Ferd. I feel an Ice, creeping through all my Veins,
That more than killing Winter-blast, that chills
My crusting Blood, and turns me into Marble.
Speak, speak, *Urania*, whilst I've sense to hear;
Who is this curst Invader of my Right?

Uran. 'Tis you that are the Invader of his Right;
For e'er I thought or heard of *Ferdinand*,
I'd treasur'd up my Soul in dear *Cesar*.

Ferd. *Cesar*, ha, is he my happy Rival?
Can you then stoop so low to love a Subject,
And slight the proffer'd Greatness of a Crown?
Yet, yet, *Urania*, call up Noble Thoughts;
Think of a Crown.

Uran. A Crown, a Glittering Trife,
On which a Love like mine looks down with Scorn,
And thinks it greater Pleasure in a Cottage;
An humble Shepherdess with my *Cesar*,
Than Reign the Empress of the Gaudy East
In any others Arms. You have my Answer;
And if my Father will not give Consent,
The Coals the Roman *Fortia* did devour,
Are not blown out, Steel holds its Temper still:
Nay there are Thousand ways to let out Life,
And I dare die for him.

Ferd. Did my Stars owe me this! Oh I could curse 'em!
And from my tortured Heart exhale those Vapours,
Those Sulphur-Fumes from the black Hell within me,

[Exit *Uran.*]

With

With Execration that should blast the Day,
And darken all the World.

Enter Oswell.

Who's there? my *Oswell*?

Oswell. Ever your Creature, Sir, but much concern'd
To find this Alteration in your Looks.

Ferd. Thou wouldst not wonder, didst thou know the Cause?
The bright *Urania*, she whose spreading Fame
Drew me from *Thessaly* to view that Beauty
So much admired by every neighbouring Prince:
Whom when I saw I scarce could think her mortal.
Something so all Divine shot from those Eyes,
That I had not the Power to stand before 'em.
Our Fathers both consented to the Match;
But she, that cruel Fair, is still impenetrable;
Minds not my Passion, slights my proffer'd Glory,
Dotes on a Subject, one below my Birth;
Flies, with Disdain, from the true Flame I bring,
To light her humble Tapers at a Glee-worm.

Osw. 'Tis very strange the great Prince *Ferdinand*,
With all his prosperous Fortunes cannot thaw her.

Ferd. The fatal Cause of all her Scorn's too plain.
This fair insatuated Charmer

Dotes on *Cesario*, on her Father's General,
Whose threatening Power stands like a flaming Sword,
To stop my Entrance into Paradise;
He's now employ'd 'gainst the *Sicilian* King,
And whilst he conquers, *Ferdinand* is lost.

Osw. I rather think you should with Joy receive him,
Who comes a Conqueror from her Father's Enemy.

Ferd. If he comes home with Victory, the King
And his wife State must give him Thanks, the People
Giddily run to meet the Conqueror;

And owe their Lives and Safeties to his Triumph.

But where am I? what Peace brings it to me?

What Blessing is't to hear the popular Voice,

The echoing Crowd, with all their barbarous Throats,

Shoot their wild Joys to Heaven, and I in Torment?

Certain to lose my Hopes in fair *Urania*.

Osw. There may be ways at home to remove him,

And

And place you in your Wishes; but, my Lord,
 Whatever Spight you owe his prosp'rous Love,
 'Tis hard to envy him his Sword's Success.
 For should that fail, a Kingdom might be lost.

Ferd. A Kingdom! Death! were the whole World at stake;
 How light the balanc'd Universe would weigh
 With the Possession of the fair *Urania*!
 Such Beauty, and such Charms, --- I shall run mad;
 And my Desires, by opposition, grow more violent,
 And without vent will burst me.

Osw. Who could have thought a Masculine Soul, like yours,
 Should sink beneath a Shock so feeble,
 Shall this poor Diminutive thing, this little Rival,
 Whom with your Breath you may blow out o'th' World,
 Raise such a storm within you?

Ferd. No, he sha'not.
 I've found my self again, and will be calm:
 No, thou too pitiless *Urania*, spight
 Of all my lowering Fate, my unkind Planets,
 And those fair, cruel Eyes, my angry Stars,
 I will not lose my hold.

Enter Fabio.

Ferd. How now, what News with you?

Fabio. An't please your Grace, an humble Creature of yours, proud
 o'th' least Occasion, to express how faithfully my Heart is fixt to serve
 you.

Ferd. What's your Business?

Fab. I have Business of some Consequence;
 I had not been so bold else to disturb your Princely Conference,
 For I durst never assume that impudent Garb,
 That other Courtiers are known by;
 My Devotion has been still t'appear
 In modest Services.

Ferd. Well, Sir, to'th' Point.

Fab. It were a Point of deep Neglect, to keep
 Your Grace in Expectation, yet Delays
 Make Joys the sweeter; Arrows that fly compass
 Arrive with as much Happiness to the Mark,
 As those that are shot point-blank.

Ferd. This Courtier loves to hear himself talk;
 Be not so impertinent, we know your Care.

Fab.

Fab. And Cost, my Lord, I hope:
For they that hold Intelligence abroad
To benefit their Countrey, must not make
Idols of their Estates, and 'tis a Happiness
To sell their Fortunes for their Prince's Smiles;
Which I am confident you will vouchsafe,
When you have heard my News.

Ferd. Would you'd vouchsafe to let me hear it.

Fab. Vouchsafe, my Lord, alas,
You may command my Tongue, my Hands, my Feet,
My Head, I should account that Limb superfluous,
That would not be cut off to do you Service.

Ferd. I do command thee Silence; dost hear? Silence.

Fab. Silence, my Good Lord, is a Vertue I know;
But where the Tongue has something to deliver,
That may delight my Prince's Ear, and so forth.

Ferd. 'sDeath, Dog! Torment me not, but tell your News!

Fab. My News, my good Lord, concerns the General.

Ferd. What of him? Is he kill'd?

Fab. The Stars forbid! he is return'd, my Lord,
Triumphant, Brave and Glorious.

Ferd. Be dumb.

Another Syllable I'll have thy Tongue out.

Fab. My Tongue, my Lord.

Ferd. Thy Tongue, my buzzing Flesh-fly.
Was all your Circumstance for this? Begone.

Fab. It would be a Piece of Rudeness, my Lord,
Unpardonable not to obey a Prince;
For your Grace is sensible. That to we Courtiers
The Tongue is so very useful a Member -----

Ferd. Slave,

Am I become a Jestling-stock for Fools?

Oswill. My Lord, you are too open-breasted,
To let this Fellow see into your Heart;
Wise Men disguise their Counsels till things are ripe.

Ferd. The News has rent my Soul.

I feel new Armies in my Breast, Swords, Javelins,
All a whole Field of clashing War within me;
But ha, the King! the Subtilty of Serpents
Inspire me now, and something below Man,
Spite, Malice, Woman's Malice enter here.

[*Ex. Fab. bowing.*]

Enter

Enter the King.

King. Oh *Ferdinand* ! I am all Joy :

Cesario, beloved *Cesario*, is return'd with Conquest,
And *Sicily* no more dares be our Foe ;
Cesario's Sword cuts with so keen an Edge,
And drives that formidable Fame before him,
His very Name alone, without an Army,
Is more than half the Conquerour.

Ferd. His Name alone, my Lord, though he have conquer'd ;
We must consider, Sir, your Soldiers Courage :
Their Valour stands the Basis of his Pyramid :
Their Sweat and Blood that Crown'd him : but alas !
All the whole Trophies of a conquer'd Field,
Wreath only Garlands for the Leaders Brow ;
The General's still the mighty Man, he wears
The Conqu'ring Bays, whose Wounds soever pay for't ;
Whilst the poor Soldier, like the Slave i'th' Mine,
Bears the least part of the rich Oar he digs for.

King. How, *Ferdinand* ?

Ferd. Nay, Sir, I do not envy him.

King. You envy him, indeed, I hope you do not,
Since 'twas for me he fought, and for his Country.

Ferd. Right, 'twas for you he fought, and 'tis the Cause
That often prospers, which, without his Valour,
Had stood its own Defender, for there waits
A Guardian-Angel on a Righteous Cause,
And when that arms, Heaven battels on its side.

King. In all this ill-timed Rhetorick, methinks
You speak as if you envy'd his Success,
And wear a Face of Sorrow for his Fortune.

Ferd. Who, I, my gracious Lord ?

King. Yes you, my Lord ;
Speak, tell me, does he not deserve all Honours
That I can give, or he has Power to ask.

Ferd. Indeed I think he does not.

King. Ha ! what's that ?

Ferd. Pardon me, Royal Sir, and hear me Speak :
If Subjects spend their Blood in their Kings Cause,
Forbid it Heaven they should not be rewarded :
But how, or what Rewards must they expect ?

Wou'd

Would you, in Recompence of this his Conquest,
Give him your Crown?

King. No, Sir, nor wou'd he ask it.

Ferd. How know you that?

King. I know him to be Loyal;
Know that he wears a Sword which only fights
For his King's Honour, and his Country's Safety,
Whilst his clear Soul runs purer than to suck
A Poyson from that cankered Weed, Ambition.

Ferd. I think otherwise,
And, wou'd you give me leave, can prove it to you.
You know not, Sir, how high his Fancy soars,
Or to what Pitch his towering Pride wou'd reach;
For he that aims to be his Monarch's Son,
Would never rest till he had gain'd his Crown.

King. My Lord, this Riddle wants an *OEdipus*,
For 'tis beyond my Fathom to expound it.
But were *Cesaris* Guilty of such Baseness,
I would esteem him as my greatest Foe,
And drive him from my Bosom as Infectious;
As a Crown'd Head I owe my self that Justice.

Ferd. Then I dare boldly speak; you know, my Liege,
By a King's Sacred Promise you are bound,
To make *Urania* mine. Would it not be a stain
Upon your Royal Name, to have a Subject,
Spight of his great Master's Vow,
By treacherous Ways, to gain his Daughter's Love,
And make himself, by stealth, your Kingdoms Heir?

King. Who is it dares do that?

Ferd. That dares *Cesaris*:
By Heaven, *Urania* own'd a Love for him;
Own'd it to me, who wooed by your Permission;
And if you meet his Conquests with this Triumph,
'Twill make your Subjects think he does deserve her:
The Army then will pay him, not you, Homage,
And every Voice sound nought but proud *Cesaris*.

King. Can this be true?

Ferd. Your Daughter will confess it;
And if you mount his airy Thoughts too high,
He himself will not blush to ask her of you.

King. By Heaven, I will prevent that Insolence.

Have I been prodigal in's Praise for this ?
Yes, he shall be received. Who waits ?

Enter Fabio.

Fabio. My Lord !

King. Speak, is *Cesario* with the Army near ?

Fab. My Lord, as I'm inform'd, and commonly
My Information's good, he does not want
A full Days March, and will be here to night.

King. Give Order that no Man go forth to meet him,
Until our Pleasure's further known. Command
The Governour place a Guard about the Gates ;
Let no Man's Face appear upon your Life.

Fab. Why, does your Majesty think I will fail
In the Performance of your Orders ? No !
When I do that, may I —

King. Begone, I say, and fool some other time.
Who wou'd repose in Man, whose vast Ambition,
Wou'd strive to mount above the Rebel-Gia nts
Cesario, I will quell thy haughty Pride,
Who durst attempt the Daughter of thy King ;
Yet she too owns a fault that equals thine.
Degenerate Princess, can such Low-born Passion
Stir this course Ferment in thy Royal Blood !
Run thy rich Veins no purer, Folly, Frailty, Frenzy !

Oh Woman ! Woman, to thy share they fall,
Thou sweep'st the Heap, and hast engross'd 'em all.

[*Exit Fab.*]

Exeunt.

ACT II.

Enter Cesario, Vincentio, Sigismond and Soldiers.

Cesario. Command a Halt.

1 *Soldier.* Halt.

2 *Soldier.* Halt.

3 *Soldier.* Halt.

Cesar. The King sure had Intelligence.

C

Vincentio.

Vincens. Most certain.

Cesar. 'Tis strange!

Is it not possible we have mistook the Place,
Transported with our Victory?

Speak, Gentlemen, is't so, or do we dream?

Vincens. Those Walls

Are certainly the same, and that the City,
Peopled when we set out, and full of Prayers.
For our Success.

Sigism. It may be they reserve

Their welcome till we march into the City.

Vincens. Nay, they may have some Conceit.

Cesar. A general Silence, like Night, dwells round about us,

And no sign that Men inhabit here.

Have we won abroad to lose our selves at home?

Or, what is worse,

Has, whilst we went, some Monster landed here,

Made the Place desolate, devoured the Natives,

And made 'em creep into their Mother Earth?

Sigism. Not one Salute for our Nations, such cold reception?

Cesar. Sure they don't take us for their Enemies.

Captain, enquire the Cause; let none else move:

Yet stay; sure it must be some strange Mortality,

And yet that cannot be. Have we brought home

Their Safeties, purchas'd through so many Horrors,

And is this all the payment for our Conquest,

To shut the Gates upon us?

Vincens. Force 'em open;

's Death! let us shake their Walls about their Ears,

They are asleep sure.

Cesar. Such another Rashness

Forfeits thy Head; Go to; Be temperate:

As I grudge none the Merit of their Valour,

I must hear none so bold.

Vincens. I've done, Sir.

Cesar. Subjects are bound to fight for Princes,

They not ty'd to the Reward of every Service;

I look upon thee now dy'd o'er in Blood,

And have forgot thy Error, give no breath

To such a Thought hereafter; Honour pays

Double where Kings neglect, and he

Indeed is valiant, that forgets to be rewarded.

Sigism.

Sigism. This is cold Comfort for a Knap-sack-Man.

Cesar. And yet 'tis strange the King shou'd thus neglect us;
This is cheap Entertainment for a Conquerour;
Is't not *Vincens*? Misery of Soldiers!
When they have sweat Blood for their Countries Honour,
They lie at others Mercy!

Vincens. They have slept since, and dreamt not of our Sufferings.

Cesar. There's something would fain mutiny within me.
Strangle these Snakes betimes, *Cesaris*.
So fold up your Ensigns, throw off all the Pride
That may express a Triumph; we'll march on,
As we had over-bought our Victory.

Vincens. The Gates are open now, and we discover,
A Woman, by her Habit, coming this Way.

Cesar. Alone! more strange and fatal!

It may be, 'tis my Genius come to give
A Melancholy Warning of my Death.

As *Brutus* had from his: I'll stand my Destiny.

Yet bearing the Resemblance of a Woman,
It will less terrifie. Who should this be?

Enter Urania wild.

Lady,

Who e'er you are, there's something in that Cloud,
That mournful Cloud! which speaks some wondrous Sadness;
Would I'd the Power to dispose of your Sorrow.

Urania. My dear *Cesaris*!

Cesar. My beloved *Urania*!

I'm now rewarded; had *Cesaris* taken
Into his Body, Wounds not to be number'd,

This Kiss had cur'd 'em all; or but one Drop

Of this rich Balm; for I know thy Tears

Are shed for Joy to see *Cesaris* live.

The King, with all the Glories of his Province,

Cannot do greater Honour to his General;

For I've a greater Empire in thy Love,

Than Fame or Victory has ever boasted.

My Life! My Soul! *Urania*!

Uran. Call again that Temper which has made *Cesaris* Honour'd,

And if my Tears (which carry something more

Than Joy to welcome home my most loved Lord)

Affect you with no Sadness, (which I wish not)
View well my Looks, which I have not put on
To counterfeit a Grief, and they will tell you,
There is necessity for you to know,
Somewhat to check the Current of your Triumph.

Cesar. I was too careless,
Of thy sad Looks, my Joy to see thy Face
Made me distinguish nothing else; proceed,
And punish my too prodigal Embraces;
It is not fit I be in one Thought blest,
And thou in such a Livery.

Uran. When you say,
You've strength enough to entertain the Knowledge
Of such an Injury.

Cesar. If it only point at me,
Speak it at once, I am collected,
And dare all Shafts that level at this Head:
If it concern thy self, let it not flow too fast;
But rather let my Ears receive it
By such Degrees as may not kill too soon,
But leave me some Life only to revenge it.

Uran. The King, (although my Father, I must speak)
The King, for whom you shed your Blood abroad,
Has ill-rewarded you at home.

Cesar. Speak, how?

Uran. Since your departure, here arriv'd a Prince,
From *Thessaly*, permitted by my Father,
To make his Court to me, which I resisted;
His Personal Visits, Messages, rich Presents,
Left me not quiet to enjoy my self;
I told him I had given my Faith already,
Contracted yours: Impatient of my Answers,
He urg'd his Greatness, vow'd he would possess me;
Yet I resisted still, and still am free,
Preserv'd, and welcome home, my dearest Lord.

Cesar. Is't possible?

Uran. This is but half the Story,
By his Command none dare salute your Victory,
Or pour their glad Hearts forth at your Return:
Nay more; Unless I yield to wed the Prince.

And:

And you your self too grant your free Consent,
Has vow'd your everlasting Banishment :
And in it murders me, for when you're gone,
I cannot, will not, must not, dare not live.

Cesar. Yes, live *Urania*, tho' you live my Rival's.
Let not the icy arms of Death infold thee.
Better thy Sex beside were all extinguish'd,
And thou the only God-like Woman left
T' adorn the VWorld. *Vincensio*, dost hear this ?
VVe must ask pardon that we have been valiant,
Repent our Duties, and that Victory
VVe bought so dear. VVe shou'd have dy'd abroad,
And then perhaps, been talkt of, in the Crowd
Of honest men, for giving up those Lives,
VVhich, for our service, they may now take from us.
VVe are not yet i'th' Snare, and have the power
To stifle their designs.

Vincensio. The Soldiers hearts are yours.

Cesar. No, no, *Vincensio*, let 'em be the King's.
If such as they forget their Office, we
Must keep our Thoughts unstain'd : I'll to the King,
But without any Train.

Sigif. In this you do not consult your Safety.

Cesar. Safety is a Lecture
To be read to Children. But for me, I carry
My own Security within. The King I know
Is gracious, tho' at present
His Passion reigns too strongly in his Breast.

Uran. Hear me, *Cesar*, e'er you see the King.
Hear me, or poor *Urania*'s lost for ever.

Cesar. VVhat says my Love ?

Uran. Swear then to grant my Suit,
And I will name the means to make us happy.

Cesar. Oh speak !

And bless my Ears with the dear Sound :

Uran. Command your Soldiers first to greater distance.

[*Cesar waves his hand, the Soldiers fall back.*]

You see *Cesar*, how our Hopes are cross'd :
And if you love, as you have often swore,
You will not stop at any thing to gain me.

Cesar. Propose a Means that may not blot my Fame,

Not

Nor make me Traytor to my Sovereign:
Not all the Dangers that can threaten Man,
Shall barr *Cesar* from *Urania's* Arms.

Uran. Were it not better in some distant Clime,
To live, and love, and peaceably possess
The small Remainder of our Lives to come?

What, though we quit all glittering Pomp and Greatness;
The busie, noisy Flatteries of Court;
We shall enjoy Content, in that alone
Is Greatness, Power, VVealth, Honour all summ'd up.

Cesar. I cannot guess thy Meaning;
Instru't me plainer, what you'd have me do.

Uran. Since then the King will ne'er let me be thine,
Let's in the dead of Night retire from Court,
And to th' *Arcadian* Dingles direct our Steps;
There amongst Nymphs and Shepherds we may live,
And quite forget that we were ever great.

Cesar. My Soul, my more than Life I now thou art too kind;
But can my dear *Urania*, born a Princess,
Nurs'd up in all the Tendernefs of Power;
The Pride, the Pomp and Glory of a Court;
From her Arch'd Roofs, and Golden Towers, descend
To homely VVeeds, and humble Cottages,
And all for worthless me?

Uran. For thee, my Love!
Thou Lord of all my Joys! Cells, Caves, and Desarts,
Are Palaces with thee, Oh my *Cesar*!
There there where True Love reigns is only Empire.

Cesar. Thou Angel-kind, and more than Angel fair!
Sigism. My Lord, the King comes this way.

Uran. Now, *Cesar*, thou hast thy Choice, Love or Ambition;
Either to challenge bravely, or resign me poorly:
But yet, might I instruct you in your Choice,
Since rather than wed *Ferdinand*, this hand
Should give me Death; yet Oh! if I must die,
Let me expire in Pleasure, not in Torment,
If thou disclaimst me, slighted and despised,
In that distracted Thought I shall die wretched;
But if my dearest Lord will Nobly own me,
Charm'd with that Bliss, then I can breath one Life
Like Saints in Martyrdome; not one weak Nerve,

Or shivering sigh shall of the Dart complain,
But the great cause shall sweeten all the pain.

Cesa. Guide me you Gods in this Unhappy Labyrinth.

Enter King, Ferdinand, Oswell, Fabio, &c.

[*Cesa. kneels.*]

Most Royal Sir, Alas, you too much honour
The poor *Cesario*; who at your Feet
Lays all his Lawrels, the fair Grove,
That your kind Sun has warm'd and cherish'd.

King. Did I not give you a strict Charge, that none
Should pass the Gates? Tell me how she came hither?

[*To Fab.*]

Fab. Indeed, an't please your Majesty, you did
Give Order that no Man should, but she said
She was a Woman, and I ask'd no farther.

King. Hence you Buffoon.

Cesario, rise. I shall not flatter you:
Nor indeed have I any Grace for him,
Who durst attempt to steal my Kingdom's Heir.

Cesa. Thus prostrate to the Earth, I sue for Pardon,
That my ambitious Passion sours so high.
But oh, there's Irresistible Force in Love;
The Gods have felt it, then can Man withstand it.
Such is my Fate, nay kill me, 'tis the same;
For though I know 'tis Death to ask the Gift,
Yet on my Knees I beg the fair *Urania*.

King. What says the Traytor! off, thy Breath will blast me,
I see it, like a Mist, infect the Air.

Good Gods! was ever Insolence like this!

But sure I dream, this cannot be *Cesario*.

Vincentio. Souldiers speak, is this your General?

Ferd. Yes, yes, Great Sir. This is that Valiant Man,

That fought for Loyalty, and not Ambition.

Now you may see for what he drew his Sword,

'Twas for *Urania* that he fought and Conquer'd;

'Tis she, 'tis she, that must be his reward:

O Sir, deny him not, make him your Son,

Mould that coarse humble Clay? Imperial Honour:

And mix it with the Royal Blood of *Naples*.

Cesa. This humble Clay! what saist thou haughty Lord!
By Heaven that Tongue, did not the King protect it,

Had

Had better challenge *Jove*, and all his Thunder,
 Thou titled Vanity ! thou Courtier, made for peace,
 How much my Merits, for the fair *Urania*,
 Exceed thy poor Pretences ; thou all Feather,
 Too tender for the very VVind to ruffle :
 When VVars loud Trumpet, in a Field of Death,
 Call'd me to wounds, and dy'd me o'er in Blood,
 Thou slepst securely, lull'd on Beds of Downe,
 Less soft than the effeminate Lord that fill'd 'em.

King. Be silent, Traytor, this is perfect Raving ;
 Your Valour has been paid in the Success ;
 What you have done was Duty.

Cesar. True, it was ;
 I must confess that it was Duty all.

King. To shew us then you have not mix'd our Cause
 With private and particular Revenge,
 Resolve, before to-morrow Sun appears,
 To quit *Urania* to Prince *Ferdinand*,
 Or be for ever banisht from Our Kingdom ;
 And, Daughter, resolve you to meet his Love,
 And make *Cesar* to your Heart a Stranger,
 Or else expect to feel the worst of Tortures ;
 Consult your safest way. Come, Gentlemen,
 And from a grateful King you all shall find
 The just Reward that's due to Truth and Honour.

Uran. Ah my prophetick Fear ! To night, *Cesar*.

Cesar. To night, my fair Remembrancer.

[*Aside*.

[*Aside to Uran*.

[*Exit King, Ferd. Osw. Fab. Vincent. Sigism. and Soldiers*.

Manent Cesar and Urania.

Cesar. Good Heaven ! Can this be real ? what, all gone ?
 I, that this morning was the Lord of Thousands,
 Am not the Owner now of one poor Servant :
 Banisht from Love, or *Naples* ; this is hard :
 But yet indeed 'tis not a wonder here,
 In this unhospitable Court of *Naples*.
 So my unhappy Brother fell before me,
 Who, for the slaying of this King's Court Minion,
 VVas doom'd for ever from his Native Soil.
 Oh *Tachmas* ! what e'er Corner of the VVorld
 Now hides thy exil'd Head ? Thy wretched Brother,
 The poor *Cesar* too must share thy Fate.

Yes ;

Yes; we will hasten to some Rural Seat;
 And never more in Curfed Courts be great:
 And when I go t' enjoy Her Sacred Charms,
 VVhat though I quit the VVorld in those dear Arms!
 Oh with what glory will th' exchange be given,
 VVhen I shall Lose Earth only, and find Heaven!

[Exit Cefar.]

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter King, Ferdinand, Ofwell, Guards,
 and Attendants.

King. **G**One! 'tis impossible they should escape.
Ofw. We've searcht o'er all the Court, but 'twas in vain,
Cefario and **Urania** in the Night
 Fled from the Palace, but which way they took,
 Not all our care can learn.

Ferd. Curfes pursue him.

Some Whirlwind snatch him up, and on the back
 Of his Rough Wings, transport the wandering Ravisher,
 And Drop his Curfed Head into the Sea;
 Or land him in some cold, remote, wild Defart;
 There to inhabit amongst Brutes and Savages,
 O' th' two the Innocenter Beasts of Prey.

King. My Lord, it is not Rage can help us now,
 But e'er they are fled too far make swift pursuit,
 Leave not a Corner of my Realm unsearcht:
 Prepare me Men and Horse immediately:
 I'll after 'em my self.

Ferd. Most Royal Sir.

See at your Feet, an Injur'd Prince thus kneels,
 And begs that trust may be repos'd in him.

King. Thy Suit is granted; Haste, delay not then,
 Bring him alive or dead, I care not which.
 O that I cou'd Command a flash of Lightning;
 Or usurp one minute the Prerogative of Death.
 That I might shoot ruin as sudden on 'em,

As Waters fall from Mountains, (but away,) of walled Ilion, (yet)
There is no danger now like our delay. [Ex. King, Attendants]

Scene, A Wood.

Enter Cefario, and Urania disguised.

Cefa. Come, my Souls Joy, let not such painted griefs
Press down thy Spirits, the darkness but presents
Shadows of fear; for it is that secures us
From dangerous pursuit.

Ura. Wou'd it were day.
My apprehension is so full of horror,
I think each sound the airs light motion makes,
To be my Father threatening our ruins,
With all the storm of his impending Vengeance.

Cefa. Fear not that thunder blast, whose Bolts too far to reach us,
Wrapt in the Arms of Night that favours Lovers,
We hitherto have escap'd his eager search.

Ura. But when will it be day, the light has comfort,
Our first of useful fences being lost,
The rest are less delighted.

Cefa. The early Cock
Has sung his Summons to the days approach;
'Twill instantly appear, why starts my Love?

Ura. Heard you no sound?

Cefa. Sound!

Ura. Some amazing sound:
Pray listen.

Cefa. 'Tis thy fear suggests
Illusive fancies. Under Loves protection
We may presume of safety, but retire,
And under yon kind Tree repose a while.

Enter four Banditti.

1 Band. Well, my dear Comrades of the Pad, prithee how
Long have we, Brother Rogues, hung in a knot together.

2 Band.

2 *Band.* Hang together t' hum, I don't like that word hanging;
But if you mean, how long we have fairly robb'd together—

1 *Band.* Robb'd, pox, that's as bad as t'other;
Give it a genteeler Name for shame, since we,
Four Noble Captains, Sons of Thunder,
And Brothers of *Mercury*, have been planted
In the Post of Honour, and given the Words of Command,
Stand, and deliver.

2 *Band.* I, this is something like.

3 *Band.* 'Tis, let me see, some five Summers,
And almost as many Winters.

1 *Band.* And in all that time, I have been musing
And hammering to find out, whether the Mystery of Thieving
Be an Art, or a Science.

3 *Band.* Oh fie, fie, a Science! most certain, and a Liberal
Science too; for the People give all, and we take all.

Omnis. Ay, Ay, A Liberal Science, A Liberal Science.

1 *Band.* But come, Lefs Prattle, and more Business;
For if these Eves-Droppers of mine have not damnablely deceived me,
Here must be Game abroad: For certain,
I heard talking hard by, and if the Devil does not play booty,
We shall have a Prize quickly.

3 *Band.* Say you so? hush then, and sculk. [*They retire to the side of*
Re-enter Cesario and Urania. [*the Stage.*

Uran. Sure, my *Cesario*, this is more than Fancy!
Did you not hear some talk?

Cesar. These must be Robbers:
No matter; I've a Sword ne'er fail'd me yet;
Though I'd not stain it with the Blood of Villains.

2 *Band.* I think, I have you, Sir. [*Lays hold on Ces. left Arm.*

Cesar. Thy Death thou hast; [*Cesario Runs him through.*
But there's yet more to do e'er I am ta'en. } *They fight off, Band.*

Uran. My Lord, *Cesario*, whither do you run? } *give way.*
Come back, and shun, by flight, the Villains Swords:
He's lost, he's lost! what will become of me!
Whether, Oh! whether? which way shall I take!

[*Ex. confusedly, at the wrong Door.*

Re-enter Cesario bloody, his Sword drawn.

Cesar. *Urania*! my Love, my Life, where art thou?
My Soul! speak to me, 'tis *Cesario* calls.

By Heavens ! I fear she has forsook the place;
 And wanders in the dark to find me out.
 Oh ! I could rave ; but see, the Day appears.
 Blest Lamp of Heaven, lead, lead me to *Urania* ;
 With thy kind rising Beams guide me once more
 To those dear Eyes, thy Sister-Twins of Light,
 Or throw me, Gods, in Everlasting Night. [Ex. Cels.]

Scene changes to another Part of the Wood.

Enter Urania.

Uran. The Day begins to break, and trembling Light,
 As if affrighted with this Night's Disaster,
 Steals through the farthest Air, and by degrees
 Salutes my weary Longings; yet 'tis welcome,
 Though it betray me to the worst of Fate
 Love and Desire e'er suffer'd: Oh *Cesar* !
 Thy wish for Presence won'd have checkt these Passions,
 And shot Delight through all the Mists of Sadness:
 But thou art lost, and all my Joys are fled;
 Ne'er to return without thee.

Enter First and Third Banditti.

1 *Band.* Have we found you !
 Seize her, *Fabrichio*, our Companion's Blood,
 Shed by your Hero, you shall now atone for.
 Drag her along, and tie her to yon Tree,
 Where we, by turns, will quench our furious Appetites.
Uran. Kill me ; Oh ! kill me ; rather let me dye
 Than live to see the Jewel that adorns
 The Souls of virtuous Virgins ravish'd from me !
 Do not add Sin to Sin, and, at a Price
 That ruins me, and not enriches you,
 Purchase Damnation: Do not, do not do't.
 Sheath here your Swords, and my departing Soul,
 Like your good Angel, shall sollicit Heaven
 To dash out your Offences. See, here's Gold and Jewels ;
 Take all, nay, had I more you should command,
 But do not stain my Virtue.

3 *Band.*

3 *Band.* Ay, this is something;
 I love a Lass that pays well for her Pleasure.
 Come, let's stop her Mouth, I long till we're aboard her.
Uran. Help, Murder, Murder, a Rape. [*Ex. Band. dragging Uran.*]

Enter Cefario.

Cesar. For ever gone, yet I am still alive!
 Unpitied Gods, why have you snatch'd her from me?
Uran. within. Help, Help, a Rape!
 3 *Band.* Stop her Mouth.
Cesar. Ha! do I dream, or was't *Urania's* Voice?
Uran. within. Help, Murder, a Rape!
Cesar. Help! to that Fair distressed quick let me fly:
 Not a departing Soul wou'd mount with half the Wings
 To reach his Heaven, as I to rescue mine. [*Ex. hastily.*]

*The Scene draws, and discovers Urania ty'd to a Tree by the Hair,
 the Banditti's on each side of her.*

Uran. Yet, yet, be merciful and take my Life:
 Oh barbarous Men! how can you be thus cruel?
 3 *Band.* Barbarous d'ye call us? nay if this be cruel
 We'll try a kinder way of Love to please you.
Uran. Dear Sir, if ever Vertue, Mercy, Pity dwelt in your noble Breast!
 1 *Band.* 'If ever Passion, and warm Desire
 Dwelt in my boyling Veins, I love thee.
Uran. Is this Love?
 1 *Band.* No, but though this be not,
 We'll shew thee what it is before we part.

Enter Cefario with his Sword drawn, he drives 'em off.

Cesar. Dogs, Blood-hounds, Cannibals; Death! do you fly?
 Your Crimes so heavy, and your Heels so light.
 Stay, Satyrs, stay, you vanishing Furies, stay,
 And take your dear Damnation e'er you go. [*Unbinds Uran.*]

Uran. My kind *Cesar*, this is double Joy,
 To be preserv'd, and hold thee in my Arms.
Cesar. Yes, in thy Arms thy blest *Cesar* lives;
 Thy dear, thy soft, thy charming, and I hope
 Thy unpolluted Arms, for say, my Soul,
 Art thou unspotted still? as (if there be
 Those Guardian-Gods that succour Vertue) sure

Heaven.

Heaven has not suffer'd those infernal Monsters,
To rife this dear Casket of Divinity.

Uran. I am yet spotless, thank your happy Self,
My lovely Champion, whose delivering Hand
Has freed my darling Honour.

Cesar. I believe thee,
For thou'rt all Truth, the Innocence on that Face
Says thou art chaste, the guilty cannot speak
So heavenly as thou dost.

Enter Tachmas in the Habits of a Hermit.

Tach. What mournful Pair is this, whose very Looks
Inform me they are loaden with Misfortunes?
Ha! 'tis *Cesar*, by my Wrongs, my Brother!
Oh *Alphonse*! Oh thou most barbarous King!
By Heaven, I find more Gratitude 'mong Beasts,
Than ever dwelt within the Court of *Naples*.
The Blessings of the Day upon you both.

Uran. We thank you, Reverend Father; and if Pity
E'er dwelt within your Breast, Ah, shew it now!
Shew it to us, the most unhappy Pair,
That e'er were punish'd by offended Heaven.

Tach. Who e'er you are, you look indeed most wretched;
And Charity obliges me to help you.
Under yon' Mountain, in the Earths deep Hollow,
I have a Cell; please you to walk that way;
What Comforts that can yield you shall command.

Ces. Eternal Blessings crown you, for this Goodness:
Come, my dear Saint, let's to this Hermet's Cell,
And take that Refuge his poor Mansion yields;
None can fear Danger where Religion shields.

[*Ex. Omnes.*]

The Scene changes to the Palace.

Enter King attended.

King. No Tydings yet! no News from *Ferdinand*!
Curfes and Plagues pursue this pair of Monsters,
Sink, sink 'em in a Whirlpool of Confusion.
If they are fled by Land, gape, gape thou Earth,
And take into thy Womb the stinging Vipers:

But

But if by Sea, if they that way have taken,
Blow Wind, and raise an Everlasting storm,
Till you have laid 'em in a Wat'ry Grave.

Attend. My Liege; they may be found.

King. They may, they shall.

Not the deep Center of the Earth shall hide 'em;
Nay, were they guarded by a Band of Furies,
And kept secure in the infernal Court,
I wou'd my self Assault the Brass'd Gates,
And in despite of Hell compass my Vengeance.

Attend. Do not torment your self, great Sir, with passion,
All care imaginable's to me to find 'em;
Prince *Ferdinand* himself is in pursuit,
And no disguise can hide 'em from his sight.

King. Disguise I by Heaven had I but follow'd 'em,
Not all the shapes of *Proserpina* should secure 'em;
Argus with all his hundred watchful Eyes,
Had been but blind to my discovering Vengeance;
And when I'd got the Fugitives in my Power,
Pd use the Infamous abandon'd Differents;
The profligate Vagrants with less Mercy
Than she has done my Peace, or he her Honour.

Oh like a Falcon I'd the Quails seize;
And grind and tear their Souls out by degrees. [Ex. Om.]

Scene changes to the Hermet Cell.

Enter Cefario and Urania.

Cefa. My Dear *Urania*, Miracle of Women,
Was ever Love so great, so true as thine;
Claspt in thy snowy Arms, I find more bliss,
Than Scepter'd Pride, and Crown'd ambition tastes,
In all their gust of Power, and wreaths of Gold.
But my sweet Excellence, I've been unkind.

Ura. Unkind!

Cefa. Unkind, my Angel,
To take such Beauty, born a Kingdoms Heir,
Light of my World, and Treasure of my Soul,
Nurft up in all the softnesses of Courts,
And poorly strip thee to these homely Weeds,

Misery

Misery and want, and lodg'd in Woods and Caves:

Ura. Whilst thou art with me, they are Palaces;
For the Reception of an Eastern Monarch;
Abandon Crowns and Courts for Woods and Caves;
And is that all, can thy *Urania* do
No greater Miracle for Love than this?
True Love shou'd quit the World, to grovelling Minds
Resign that worthless Toy, the gewgaw Globe,
And leave the banded Ball for Fools to play with.

Cesa. Mirrour of Goodness, thou art all Divine;
The Trojan Youth whose dazled Eyes survey'd
Three Tempting, Courting Goddesses at once,
Did not behold thy worth.

Enter Tachmas.
Tac. How fares my Son?
What are you still oppress'd with Melancholy?
Come, you're to blame, for though yous Cheer be mean,
Your Company a wretched poor old Man
Here is Content, and sure in this alone
Lies all the happiness Man can desire.

Cesa. Most Reverend Sir, you shew such wondrous goodness,
We never shall have Power to recompense,
But oh forgive us if our weighty griefs,
Too heavy to be born, pull down this sadness.

Tac. Alas, *Cesaris*!

Cesa. Ha! thou knowst me sure.

Tac. As thou didst once, thy wretched Brother *Tachmas*.

[Discovers himself.]

Cesa. By Heaven and Earth, by all that we call sacred,
'Tis he; my Brother. Oh let me thus Clasp thee,
Crush thee into my heart, my dearest *Tachmas*.
Methinks I hold half Heaven when I embrace thee.
See my *Urania*: now if thou shed'st tears,
Let 'em be tears of Joy to see my Brother,
Banisht from *Naples* by thy Cruel Father,
For killing his base, cringing, fawning Favourite.

Ura. I Joy to see the Brother of *Cesaris*, though in affliction.
Oh my dearest Lord.

Cesa. How does my Love? Methinks I see
A sickly fading on thy lovely Cheeks,

A languid paleness on those drooping Roses,
As thou wou'dst sink beneath the weight thou bear'st.

Ura. Indeed, *Cesaris*, I am wondrous faint,
My weary'd Limbs, and my long sleepless Eyes,
The Nights keen Blasts, and all my frights and fears,
Have press'd a little rudely on my health;
And this too tender Frame bends down before 'em.

Cesa. And all this for *Cesaris*, Curst *Cesaris*,
The Impious Fatal Cause of all thy Sufferings,
The Atlas Load of thy o'er-burthening woes.

Ura. Oh hold, this is too much to hear and live,
Shake not your Peace for me, that shock will sink me;
For I can bear all Sorrows, but *Cesaris's*.

Tac. Dear, Faithful Pair,
Were all Hearts join'd like these, the Erting World
Would shake her guilt off, with her blushing Shame,
And the revolving Age of gold return.

Cesa. My Friend and Brother, my Beloved, kind *Tachmas*,
This fainting sweetness wants thy helping care:
Your Roots and Water are not for her diet,
Is there no way to purchase other food?

Tac. Hard by there is a little Neighbouring Village,
Where we may be supplied with necessaries.

Cesa. Droop not, fair Flower, since we may yet find Peace.

Though now we're like the first unhappy pair,
Cast from that Paradise where once we were,
Like Fugitives banisht our native home,
And destin'd through unpeopled Worlds to roam:
Yet we may hope a smiling Morn more fair,
For sure, (to banish all unjust despair)
Such truth as thine is Heavens peculiar care.

[*Ex. omnes.*]

The End of the Third Act.

E

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Urania, *Solo.*

Ura. **H**OW long, my Dear *Cesar*, shall I want
 Thy presence, to drive all these troubles hence?
 My Soul is heavy, and my Eye-lids feel
 A pressing weight that fain wou'd shut out light,
 And let in Peace; hush my lull'd Sorrows silent,
 And give my feeble strength a short repose.
 More Clouds do gather round my Eyes, 'tis strange,
 I am not us'd to be inclin'd to sleep,
 Whilst the day shines. I'll take what nature offers,
 It may discharge my waking Melancholy. *[Sits down.]*
 I feel it gently slide upon my Senses:
 Take me you Heavenly Rulers to your Care,
 And let my Dreams be nothing but *Cesar*. *[Lies down.]*

Enter Ferdinand, and Oswell, Attendants.

Ferd. I cannot find 'em, sure the Prince of Darkness,
 Or some of his Commission'd Fiends, have snatch'd 'em
 From the Orb of Light to hide their guilty flames
 In his own sable shades; black as their Crimes:
 There's not a Corner in this spreading Realm,
 But we have searcht with strictest diligence.

Osw. My Lord, here lies a Woman, Dead I think!

Ferd. A Woman, ha! By Heaven and Earth 'tis she,
 And wrapt in the dull leaden Arms of sleep.
 But where's *Cesar*? Where lies he Conceal'd?
 I've happiness by halves, if he escapes.

Osw. He cannot be far off, 'twere best, my Lord,
 Behind yon Thicket to conceal your self,
 Till you have got 'em both within your Snare.

Ferd. You Counsel well. Let us a while retire.
 By Heaven, I keep a Jubilee within me;
 Riot in Joy, and Revel in delight,

To think how bravely I shall take revenge.

Uran. Defend me Heaven! Do I dream still, or wake? [*Ex.*]
 What horrid Visions have appear'd before me!
 Methought I saw *Cesario* gash'd with Wounds,
 And *Ferdinand* all o'er dy'd in his Blood,
 Whilst my Unkind and Cruel Father stood
 Triumphant over him, and with a smile,
 Rejoic'd to see his Soul and Body part.
 But why shou'd I give credit to a Dream,
 An airy Vision fram'd by straggling fancy,
 Deluding my weak sense with air and shadow?

Enter Cesario with a Basket of Meats, Tachman with Drink.

Cesa. Look up, *Urania*, cast thy Sorrow off,
 See, I have brought thee Food to cheer thy Spirits. [*They all sit down.*
Angels protect her, with how much delight
 She feeds upon the homely fare of Peasants.

Enter Ferdinand, Oswald, and Attendants.

Ferd. Do you not want Attendants to your Banquet?
 Nay let not us disturb you, we are Friends,
 And only come to take repast with you.

Cesa. Curst Fate! [*The Guards seize Cesario and Tachman.*
 Surpris'd, Unarm'd! and made to make a Sacrifice!

Uran. Now, now, I see too late my Dreams were true.

Tach. Oh, Sir, I beg you wou'd not let me suffer.

Alas, I'm Innocent, my Charity

Oblig'd me to assist the miserable

Let not your Vengeance fall on an old Man,

But spare my Age.

Ferd. Thou art below my anger.

Be gone, and keep thy Life, not worth my taking.

Tach. How has my Hypocrite Tongue belied my Heart.

Think not, mistaken Tyrant, that the fear

Of Death, makes me so poor a Suppliant.

When I descend thus low, I only stoop,

To borrow Life, to lend it my *Cesario*.

Ferd. Now, Sir, for you.

Cesa. Me! I despise thy rage.

[*Ex. Tach.*

[*To Cesario.*

Let all the Tortures Malice can invent
Be laid on me, I can endure 'em all;
But do not dare to touch that Angel-Form,
Whose unexampled Virtue is alone
Enough t'atone for all her Sexes Frailty;
Take heed how you provoke the Gods, by hurting
That brightest, nearest Image of themselves.

Ferd. Young angry Sir, spend not your Breath in vain;
Keep it to curse the Hour thou saw'st that Face;
I have a Scourge for thee, I have, bold Lord,
Fierce as the Vengeance of an angry God,
And swifter than a Pestilence; for You,
In whom I once had treasur'd up my Soul,

[To Uran.]

You're in my Power; my Love is turn'd to Hate,
And thou, before thy Face, shalt see her die.

[To Cesario.]

Cesar. O bloody Tyrant! aim your Rage at me;
Send me to Ruine, kill me, wrack me, burn me;
Do any thing, so you'll but save her Life;
Think, when you murder that Celestial Form,
You wound all Mankind at the dismal Blow;
Not only all the mourning Globe, the Gods
Themselves will suffer when such Virtue bleeds.

Ferd. Most amorous Raptures.

Uran. Do not touch one Hair
Of that dear Gallant, God-like Man; on mine,
My Head alone pour all your impious Vengeance;
Live, my kind, dearest Lord.

Ferd. Not Fate shall save him,
Nor Heaven it self keep thee from my Revenge.

Uran. How I disdain thy Rage, how I despise thy Malice;
Kill me as barbarously as thou art basest;
But as I die, I'll send my last kind Looks,
Sighs, Prayers and Life into *Cesario's* Eyes;
Nay, though you scatter all my sprinkled Ashes
Around the World, each Atome of my Dust,
Shall find a Soul, and fly into his Bosome.

Cesar. O mighty Love!

Ferd. So brave! nay then I'll find a means to tame you;
Attend me to my Chariot with the Princess,
But to your Horse's Tayl tie fast that Slave,
And drag him to the King.

Uran.

Uran. Hold! Hold! yet hold!
 You do not sure mean this Barbarity:
 How can you look on him, and be so cruel?
 See how he stands like a tame suffering Saint,
 And smiles i'th' midst of all his Miseries.
 If not for him, shew pity then to me,
 And though he be your Prisoner use him nobly.
Ferd. I'm deaf to all Intreaties. Drag him forward.

[*Ex. Omnes.*]

The King discover'd melancholy, some Attendants standing by him; A Song, and Symphony of Musick within.

SONG.

VVritten by a Person of Quality.

LONG time, alas! our Mournful Swains
 Have been with Fears oppress'd;
 And pensive walk'd along the Plains,
 Pitying their Flocks distress.
 Their Fences all were open laid,
 No Ewes their Lambs cou'd keep,
 Foxes and Rav'nous Wolves were made
 The Guardians of their Sheep.

Pan was not worshipp'd as before,
 But saw his learned Rules,
 And Justice all turn'd out of door
 By Arbitrary Fools.
 Phillis for Pan her Charms engag'd
 But cou'd no Pity draw.
 They sacrific'd to Pagan rage,
 Phillis as well as Law.

At length came Strephon on the Plain,
 At whose dread Sight did run
 And vanish each Tyrannick Swain
 Like Mists before the Sun.
 Then his Brave Head with Garlands Crown,
 And grins'd him on your Wishes.
 Ah Shepherds ! as you prize your own
 Pray for great Strephon's Health.

King. No more, no more, cease all your Harmony,
 It suits not with a Wretch (as such as I):
 Yet why, unpitying Heaven, this hard Decree !
 There might have been some milder Doom for me.
 Why was my Daughter
 Destin'd to punish him who gave her Breath,
 And by her Flight to stain a Father's Death ?

Enter Fabio hastily.

Fabio. Where's the King ?

King. Here ; what portends thy Haste and baser Countenance ?

Fab. Haste, my good Lord !

When Fortune points me out the Instrument,
 And happy Messenger to please my King ;
 Do I not ought to fly like Mercury,
 And pour the Joy into his Royal Ears ?

King. Has thy Intelligence brought me any Knowledge
 Of Ferdinand ? Speak, is Urania found ?

Fab. The News I bring my gracious Lord,
 Concerns the Prince, and how my Heart flows o'er,
 That I am pointed out by Heaven,
 The first, and happy Messenger.

King. Proceed, and we'll reward thee.

Fab. Reward, alas !

All my Ambition aims but at your Favour ;
 My Soul was never Mercenary :
 It is my Duty to wear out my Life
 In Services for you and the whole State,
 Whereof, although I am no able Member —

King.

King. He's mad.

Fab. It is with Joy then, my good Lord.

King. Tell me thy News in short, or thy Life pays for't.

Fab. Alas, my Life is the least thing to be minded :

He is no faithful Subject would refuse

To kill his Wife and Children, after that

To hang himself to do his King a Service.

King. Villain, why dost thou wrack my Expectation ?

Answer me quickly without Circumstance,

Where is the Prince ? be brief, or —

Fab. The Prince ! I know not, my good Lord.

King. Traytor ! didst not prepare me to expect

News of the Prince, pronouncing thy self happy

In being the Messenger ? Is he in health, answer to that ?

Fab. Indeed, my Lord, I know not.

King. Hang up the Slave ; I shall become the Scorn

Of my own Subjects.

Fab. But, with your Royal Licence, I am able

To produce those that do.

King. Where ? whom ? speak that, and quickly save thy Life.

Fab. He waits without, Sir.

King. Haste, and bring him in.

[*Ex. Fab.*]

Re-enter Fabio, with Oswell.

Oswell. Health to the King : the Prince, my Master, Sir,

With fair *Urania*, and the General,

I left within less than a League o' th' City,

And came before to bring the joyful Tidings :

King. Are they then found, thou welcome Harbinger ?

Seiz'd and brought back, Oh ! let the Satyrs dance it ;

The sweet Birds sing it ; let the Winds be wanton ;

And, as they softly with an Evening Whisper,

Steal through the curled Locks of the lofty Woods,

Let 'em, in their sweet Language, seem to murmur,

This was the Day that Crown'd a King's Revenge.

Enter Messenger.

Messeng. My Lord, Prince *Ferdinand*.

King. Conduct him in.

Enter

Enter Ferdinand.

Thou welcom'st Gæst my Court yet ever harbour'd :
Oh I want Power to recompense thy Care,
Where be the Fugitives ? Speak, *Ferdinand*.

Ferd. They wait without, my Lord.

King. Bring them in.

[*Exit Fabio.*]

*Re-enter with Cesario and Urania guarded ;
Cesario and Urania kneel.*

Cesar. With my Soul trembling, like a fearful Criminal,
With Terror-struck at sight of his great Judge :
Behold the wretched, poor *Cesario* falls,
Not to beg Life, since Death I have deserv'd,
But that you'd Mercy shew to this dear Innocence,
A Virgin, though my Bride.

Uran. O Royal Sir !

I kneel to you, as Heaven when I offend,
Not to beg Life, unless my dear *Cesario*,
By your Consent, be given to my Arms.

King. Rise !

I've heard you both ; and, Sir, your Suit will grant ;
Death thou hast merited, Death thou shalt have :
Thy Torments, by degrees, shall rise to kill thee ;
And what will plague thy Soul, thy Latest Gasp
Shall see *Urania* married to this Prince.

Cesar. It is a studied Tyranny ; but, Sir,
All this, and more, I'd bear, might I live happy.

Uran. Live, my *Cesario* ! Canst thou think I'll live ?
Live in the Arms of him my Soul abhors !
No, cruel Father, Nature shall not bind me :
I will forget 'twas you that gave me Life,
And, in despite of Duty, be his Bride :
We'll mount above, far, far beyond your reach ;
Where in a glorious Clowd, we'll Arm in Arm,
Look down and smile with Scorn on that gay nothing.

King. Furies and Death then I will quite put off,
The name of Father, take as little notice
Thou art my Off-spring, as the surly North

Does

Does of the Snow, which when it has engender'd,
It's wild Breath scatters through the Earth forgotten.

Ferd. Sir, she's your Daughter.

King. Do not call her so.

There's not one drop of my Blood in her Veins.
She makes her self a Bastard, and deserves
To be cut off like a disorder'd Branch,
Disgracing the fair Tree from whence she sprung.

Ferd. But yet, my Lord.

King. I'm deaf, inexorable as Seas

To th' Prayers of Mariners :

Oswell. be's your care,

To lodge that hated Slave in a dark Dungeon;
And confine her close Prisoner to her Chamber.

[*Ex. King, Ferd.*

Cesa. Is this for Kindness, or for Cruelty?

Attended.

Ah no, he gives me this short moment's sight,
That I may lose my Heaven with greater torment.

Uran. No, my *Cesaris*, we'll both die together :

For when thou'rt gone, oh what a weary Load
Will Life be to me !

But when you see me die, will you be kind ?

And pity my hard fate, when you behold

My panting Breast laid open, and that Heart,

Where my dear Lord once Reign'd, all torn and mangled ?

Will you look pale, and with a trembling sigh,

Let a kind Pearl fall trickling from your Eye ?

Say, will you do all this for poor *Urania* ?

Cesa. Not do all this for thee ; If th' enraged King

Will wreak his barbarous Vengeance in thy Veins,

Thy sacred Veins, and the unthinking Gods

Dare see it done ; shall not I mourn for thee ?

Doubt not that pious Tribute of my Eyes.

Shall not my Dew fall at thy setting Sun ?

Not weep to see thee bleed ! I'll make my Eyes

Start from their Spheres, to view the killing object :

And when thy sweetness draws near to Heaven,

My fainting, bleeding Heart,

Shall just keep Life enough to break with thine.

Uran. My kindest Lord, now with full Tides of Joy,

I can meet death, since he has made me thine.

My Soul's all Rapture, all Delight ; grim Death,

Whose ghastly Visage frights the trembling World,
To me's all Gay, and with a charming Smile,
Does with sweet Wreaths and Flowery Garlands come,
My Bridal Pleasures Blossom on my Tomb.

Cesa. Now you transport my raviſht ſenſe too high,
The worth of Ages, and thy Sex's glory,
Is all ſumm'd up in thee; but muſt you die?
Muſt this Celeſtial Light fall like a Meteor?
This blooming Spring fade like a wither'd Autumn?
Muſt this fair Book of Life, writ by Heaven's Hand,
The Legend of a God, be all defac'd?
And muſt I ſee it done! oh my *Urania*,
I never was a Coward till this moment.

Oſw. My Lord, we wait too long; the King Commanded
The Princeſs to her Chamber, you to Priſon.
We muſt obey him.

Cesa. 'Tis indeed your duty
Reſiſt not Deſtiny. My Love obey him;
And leave *Ceſaris* with his griefs. Farewel.
Farewel, for ever, my belov'd *Urania*,
Till we ſhall meet again above the Stars.

Uran. My Lord, my Life, my Soul, my All, Farewel.
Grief choaks my words, and I can ſay no more. [Ex. *Ura.* *Oſw.*

Cesa. Come, Gentlemen, now lead me to my Fate,
For Death's the only thing I wiſh to find.
I think there are ſome here have follow'd me:
Where I have fought him oft, but ne'r fled from him.
But it is paſt, *Ceſaris* now's no more.

My Fame, Life, Honour's gone: yet what is Death?

To think no more: and Honours but a Breath.

But my *Urania*'s loſt! nought could provoke

My Soul to pain like that dire killing Stroke.

Oh that laſt Wound has toucht ſo near my Heart,

That Fate's whole Quiver wants another Dart.

[Ex. *Omn.*

The End of the Fourth Act.

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

Scene, *A Field.**Enter Tachmas, Vincentio, Sigismond, and Souldiers.*

Vin. **M**Y Fellow Souldiers, why we're thus met here,
 This noble Youth, the brave, the valiant *Tachmas*,
 The banisht Brother to your lov'd *Cesaris*,
 Can best Inform you; my Heart swells with grief,
 And cannot tell the story; speak, my Lord,
 And be assur'd, you're amongst Men, whose Souls
 Do claim an equal share in your Misfortunes.

Tach. Then to you Souldiers, props of this great Kingdom,
 Behold I come uncall'd from Banishment,
 And give my Life into your noble hands;
 I come a Tale of horreur to relate,
 I come to shew when Monarchs Deep in Peace,
 What worthless trifles they esteem poor Souldiers,
 May I have leave to speak?

Sould. Yes, Speak, speak *Tachmas*.

Tach. Alas, I fear the subject is ungrateful,
 But yet it does concern the general good.
 That Soul of Valour, great *Cesaris*, he,
 Who has, like Lightning, purg'd the air of *Naples*,
 From all the hot Infections Foreign War
 Cou'd threaten, and shall be
 Whose very name was great as Fate it self,
 To all his Enemies, now basely die?

Sigif. Die! no, he's damnd that dares but mutter it.

Vin. If they who first occasion'd it were so,
 'Twou'd bring much Comfort to all honest Hearts.

Tach. His Death, past all Redemption, is Concluded.
 His Death to whom they owe their Lives. Oh Souldiers,
 You've seen i' th' heat and bravery of a Fight,
 How he'd cheer up his faint, dishearten'd Troops;
 Even when his Body seem'd but all one Wound,

That it appear'd a little Island, Circled
Round with the purple Deluge of his Blood,
Who when Wars Queristers, the big-mouth'd Drums,
And surly Trumpets, sung his Armies Dirge,
That fatal Musick swell'd his sprightly Sence,
More than soft Hymns at Nuptials.

Sigif. Sir, His Glories

Are so well known to us, we need not urge
The repetition, but tis past my thoughts,
Why on the sudden he shou'd be compell'd
To yield his Life up.

Vin. Nay, when we return'd

From our last Victory, when we expected
He shou'd have had a double Triumph given
In honour of our Victorious, the King,
And his wife State, receiv'd us as their Foes,
What cou'd they mean by that?

Tach. Prithee you, Sir,

There is in Princes Courts a lean-fac'd Monster
Term'd Envy (Reigning in Unworthy Breasts,)
To Fumes Heroick Sons, such as can bring
With subtle motion to their Princes smiles,
Adore his Footsteps, and his awful Nods,
And can like Asps insfil into his Ears,
A sweet, yet killing Venom. These thin Souls,
When the blunt Warrior has on Piles of Wounds
Built up his Countries Safety, whisper, Beware
In time, my Lord, lest he do grow too great.
So the poor Souldier is in time of Peace,
Strip'd of those Glories purchast in the War.

Vin. But Sir, why must he die?

Tach. Only for loving of his Monarch's Daughter.

Tell me, Is that a Crime deserving Death?

Speak, if it be, and I will plead no more.

Vin. A Crime! 'Tis death, my Lord, he does deserve her:

H'as bravely fought, and bravely conquer'd for her.

Speak. Fellow Souldiers, shall these Court Mushrooms,

That live in Peace, and Riotous Luxury,

Deny a fasting Souldier one poor snap,

After long abstinence? It may not be:

And for your Foreign Prince, your Ferdinand,

Well

We'll spoil his Vaulting, ev'ry Man a Limb,
Will quickly cool his Courage.

Tach. Yet, Souldiers, tho' I beg you'd save your General,
Preserve your Loyalties. Oh, forbear the King,
And his dear sacred Person reverence,
As if he were a God, and dwelt on Earth.

Vincen. We'll save the King and General; but if
They'll take my Counsel, hang up *Ferdinand*.

Souldiers. Ay, ay, well said, noble Colonel, Long live
Our King and General, and a Halter for *Ferdinand*.

Tach. Let me embrace you all, all to my Bosom,
You Limbs of *Mars*. Who when Fate calls you hence,
Will leave behind each man a Monument,
Which shall for Ages last with this Inscription;
The Sons of Honour, *Naples* great Preservers.

Sure to such Men belong those mighty Names,
Who sav'd their General, yet preserv'd their Fames.

[*Ex. Omnes*]

SCENE II.

Urania discover'd Reading. A Song within.

SONG.

Written by a Person of Quality.

Sung by Mrs. Butler.

COrinna, in the Bloom of Youth,
Was coy to ev'ry Lover;
Regardless of the tenderest Truth,
No soft Complaints cou'd move her:
Mankind was hers, and at her Feet
Lay prostrate and adoring,
The Witty, Valiant, Rich and Great:
Alike in vain imploring.

But

But now grown Old his wounds repair
The Loss of Time and Pleasure;

With willing Looks, and mellow Air,
Inviting ev'ry Gazer:

But Love's a Summer-Flower, that dies
With the first Winters Chilling;

The Lover, like the Swallow, flies
From Sun to Sun still ranging.

Cloe, let this Example move
Your foolish Heart to Reason;

Time is the proper Time for Love,
And Age is Vermin's Season.

Uran. In vain, alas! you strive to give me Ease:
Musick to lull my Pains, dull soothing Flattery!
The pressing weight that hangs upon my Soul,
Nought but my dear *Cesar* can remove:
All Props are weak where the Foundation's Love.

Enter Oswell.

Osw. O Royal Monner, lovely in thy Tears!
Thus low I fall to beg a blushing Pardon,
For the sad Story I am doom'd to tell.

Uran. How, my Heart trembles! speak, what is't, Sir?
If there be yet a greater Grief in store,
Speak it, and kill *Urania* with the Sound.

Yes, *Oswell*, play the generous Executioner:
Give me the last kind, finishing Stroke of Mercy,
And end my lingring Torments at a Blow.

Osw. The Gods, and all good Powers guard your Life;
And O that I had dy'd e'er liv'd Commission'd,
For this ungrateful Charge: doom'd to pronounce
The only Sound can make *Urania* wretched.

Uran. I guess the Horror, yet I fear to know it.
Osw. And I, thus trembling, stand and fear to utter it,
Yet you must hear it, yes, the fatal Sound

Mast

Must reach your Ears, and some curst Tongue must tell you
Your dear *Cesar*'s murder'd.

Uran. Murder'd!

Ofw. Yes, murder'd by the King's Command.

Uran. Enough, Oh cruel Father!

Ofw. The Prince, my Master, toucht with his long Sufferings,
Heard, but too late, of the King's harsh Decree,
And flew, with Eagle's speed, to stop the Blow,
But Oh too late! their bloody butchering hands,
Already were imbru'd in his warm Blood;
His last words pardon'd his unhappy Rival,
And as o'th' Ground they lay clasp'd Arm in Arm,
Like faithful Friends, they mourn'd each others Fortune.

Uran. Oh speak no more!

Ofw. Yes, I am bound to speak:

The Prince, as by *Cesar*'s side he lay,
With truest Tears bathing his bleeding Wounds,
And, with these words, thrown in like precious Balm,
Had almost stop't the Journey of his Soul.
Live, live, (said he) *Urania* is thy own,
To make Atonement for thy mighty Wrongs,
I'll quit my Love.

Uran. Dissembling Infidel!

Ofw. But when he saw his Veins did ebb too fast,
And Life flew swift away, he snatcht his Sword,
And, e'er my Hand cou'd reach to stop the Blow,
Plung'd it in's Breast, but did not reach his Heart;
Which when *Cesar* saw, he grasp'd his Hands,
Begging that he would live, and call'd him Friend,
Go to that widow'd Fair, (said he) the poor *Urania*,
But first prepare her for the dismal Story:

Tell her 'tis now too late for her to grieve;
And as she ever lov'd her dying Husband,
Bid her obey the King, who, though unkind,
Is still my Sovereign, and her Royal Father.
More he'd have said, but hasty Death rush'd in,
And his last words bequeath'd you *Ferdinand*'s.

Uran. *Ferdinand*'s, did he, Cou'd he call me his,
My unkind Lord, didst thou then think I'd live
After thy Death, and live within his Arms,
The Cursed Author of our Cruel Fortunes:

[*Aside.*

[*Aside.*

Though

Though with a painted shew of Treacherous Grief,
He cast a mist before thy dying Eyes.

The Masque's too thin for mine — Pray Sir, retire —

And tell Prince *Ferdinand*, 'twill not be long,

Ere I am happy in his love — or Heavens —

Osw. I shall obey your Highness — Oh true Woman —

The living still are valu'd, not the dead —

Uran. It is decreed, I must not stay behind.

Yes, yes my Father, thou shalt see thy Daughter,

When all her Veins stream with a purple source;

Then he may pity me, and shed one tear;

Sure Nature will compel him to do that.

Enter Ardelia.

Ard. Madam, the King Commanded me to wait you
Straight to the Palace.

Uran. I'll attend his Call.

Now my *Cesario*, in what e'er bright Region,

The Mansion of the blest, where Martyr'd truth,

And faithful Love in wreaths of Glory shine,

I'll find thee out, and mix my Soul with thine.

Think not mistaken King, *Cesario's* Grave,

The narrow Gulph of parting Worlds between us,

Shall be a bar to love resolv'd like mine:

Yes, Dearest Martyr, 'tis by Love decreed,

That thy *Urania* at thy Stake shall bleed;

Since Faith and Truth such poor Rewards are given,

What is deny'd on Earth, we'll seek in Heaven.

SCENE III.

A Prison.

Cesario discover'd on a Couch. Enter Ferdinand and Oswell.

Ferd. You think she may be won then?

Osw. May, most Certain.

Nay, Sir, you have her own Confession for't,

Her

Her foolish Tongue in the last words dropt from her,
 Could not forbear to tell me so; alas,
 What VWoman ever yet admir'd the dead,
 VVhen there were living Lovers to be found?

Ferd. Then he must die: *Oswell*, wait you without,
 And let none Enter here, unless the King
Osw. I shall obey your Orders. [Ex. Oswald.]

Cesario Rises.
Cesa. More Torments still! VVhy dost thou bring to plague me,
 The only Person of the VVorld I hate?

Ferd. And why that Person of the VVorld so hateful?

Cesa. Because that Person poorly entertains
 A sordid Soul within, which thames the Lodging.

Ferd. Bold Man!

Cesa. Yes, bolder Lord. Thou that darst act
 VVhat Man would blush to think.

Ferd. Blush!

Cesa. Blush, false Greatness,
 Inglorious titled VVretch, Panthers and Leopards
 Are spotless to thy Stains, those kind Devourers,
 The Innocenter, honourabler Savages;

They chase blood fairer than the trench'rotis *Ferdinand*,
 Run down their hunted Prey in open Field,
 Not snare 'em into toyls, mew'd up for Sacrifice,
 In Dungeon Walls, as thou hast done *Cesario*.

Ferd. Vile Arrogant, how Impudent is guilt?
 When with such Rude, and Villainous Reflections,
 Thou darst impeach the Justice of thy punishment.

Cesa. Justice, my bold Tormenter!

Ferd. Justice, Miscreant.

The just reward of thy too bold Ambition.
 As well the tumbling *Lucifer* might challenge
 His Fall; call his Damnation Martyrdom,
 Plung'd in his Flames for his aspiring Pride,
 As thou in Chains for thine.

Cesa. Infamous Tyrant,
 How poorly dost thou prop thy Impious Cause,
 And gild the Face of Butchery? Royal Hangman,
 Take thy Face hence, my persecuting *Cerberus*.
 Sure in the Grave I shall not rest in Peace,
 If Prisons cannot guard me from thy Malice.

Ferd. Malice; alas, can't I think I bear thee Malice?
 Imperial brightness Envy at a shadow
 Malign thee! yes, when Stars repent at gloe Worms.
 Oh that thou stoodst but some tall Mountain Cedar,
 With all thy Pride and Glory rais'd up high,
 That I might plow thy Root up with a blast;
 But since a Village Shrub is all my aim,
 And my low Vengeance has no nobler game;
 My blushing shame, withholds my arm of fate.

Cesa. A Shrub! that name from him, that needs my pity!
 From him that lives in Torment, I in Pleasure,
 Raptures and Ecstasies, my Jests Companions;
 Whilst Fiends and Goblins haunt thee, even to Thrones,
 Break thy distracted sleeps on Beds of Gold:
 From my *Urania's* love, her love, poor Prince,
 There Darts that Beam as lights my very Dungeon,
 Imprints a softness, even in Chains and Death,
 Whilst thou, the little object of her hate,
 Must bear about thee an Eternal Hell,
 And beg in vain of that dear Heaven for ease.

Enter Oswell.

Osw. My Lord the King.

Ferd. Now tremble at thy doom.

Cesa. Why should I dread the only thing I covet?
 You seek a Life that I desire to lose.

Enter King.

[*Shout within.*]

King. Hell and Confusion seize their clamorous Throats!
 Oh *Ferdinand*, I am beset with Ruine,
 My very Slaves oppose my Royal Justice;
 And dare rebel to save a Traytor's Life.

Ferd. Great, Sir, what storm is this that shakes your quiet?

King. Dost thou not hear the bellowing Crowd proclaim it?
 The scum of Earth, those never-failing Rebels,
 Join with the Souldiers to preserve *Cesar*;
 But in despite of that ungovern'd Herd,
 A Monarchs hand shall send him from the World. [*Draws and runs at*

Ferd. Hold, Sacred Sir.

Cesar, *Ferd.* stops him.

King. Wilt thou oppose me too?

Ferd.

Ferd. Most sacred Sir, that stroke requires more thought;
 Shou'd you thus cut him off, the incens'd Rabble
 Wou'd throw aside all Duty and Allegiance,
 And on your Royal Head pour all their fury;
 Affection in your stubborn multitude,
 Is a prone Torrent not to be withstood.
 Were you as sacred, Sir, as Heaven it self,
 Yet when you stop the current of their Will,
 They'll break all Bands of duty, and prophane
 That Holiness, to which they'd bound their Faiths.
 Appease them first, which when you have perform'd,
 A private way may finish your Revenge.

King. Must I then crouch and fawn to crawling Mod,
 Wou'd I cou'd Curse the Traytors from the Earth.

But oh the wretched State of Kings, my Fate
 Will force my Tongue to flatter where I hate. [Ex.]

Ferd. Dost thou not think thy self secur'd from harm?
 And with Triumphant smiles dispise our fury?
 Dost thou not think the threatening Storm that's near,
 Will cast thee safe ashore, and Shipwrack me?

Cesar. How silly and how vain is credulous Man!
 Thy Fear suggests what never enters here.
 I see the Woman brooding in thy Eyes,
 And thy Soul bursting with envenom'd Malice.
 And oh, how poor is he that's Passion's Slave!
 Let me be stript of all my Soul holds dear,
 Rob me of Life, and what's more priz'd, *Urania*;
 Yet thou shou'dst see how my undaunted Soul
 Cou'd bear it all, and smiling quit the World.

Ferd. I'll try this boasted Courage: 'tis resolv'd,
 This hour's thy last, in spite of what can threaten.
 Thou tak'st the Free-hold of my Soul away,

Urania and that are but one Creature.
 's Death, I have been a tame Fool all this while,
 Swallow'd my Poison in a fruitless hope;
 But my Revenge as heavy as *Jove's* wrath,
 Wrapt in a Thunder-bolt is falling on thee.

Cesar. And I can thus undaunted stand the stroke,
 Yes, barbarous Prince, appear in thy true Colours.
 Shake off that dull effeminate Clog, Humanity,
 And if the least remains of Vertue, Honour

Hang soft upon thy Soul, freeze, freeze thy Veins,
Crust 'em to Rock, and wall thy heart in Marble,
Inexorable as the Grave, and deaf as Desch,
Bath in my Blood, and mount me to the Stars.
But know, when from my glorious Constellation,
I shall look down upon that dark Abyss,
Where thou ly'st howling in eternal Flames,
I'll scorn thee then, as I despise thee now.

Ferd. Oh! I am vanquish'd by this noble Spirit.
Come to my Arms; my Arms, nay to my Heart.
There take possession, and remain for ever.
Cesario, thou shalt find that I have Honour
Equals my Love. *Oswell*, retire a while,
But first your Sword, and as you love your Master,
Ask me not why, nor yet dispute my Orders.
Osw. I've ever learnt Obedience to my Prince.
Tho' I much fear the fatal Consequence.

[Ex. *Oswell*.]

Ferd. *Cesario*, this embrace makes me thy Friend,
And with it take this more surprising Present.
Since 'tis decreed that one of us must fall,
Let Fortune hold the Scale: 'tis my Fate,
A long farewell at once to Life and Love.
But if 'tis doom'd this Hand must give thee Death,
Oh, make but this return with thy last Breath,
Call me thy Friend, and make *Orania* mine.

Cesario. By Heaven, you have with Honour conquer'd me,
And here I lift a Sword against that Life,
Which, witness for me, Gods, how vain I'd save,
Nay were there any way to preserve both,
But by resigning of the bright *Orania*,
Were I as great as the young *Macedonian*,
Whose Conquering Arms subdu'd the spacious World,
I'd quit all Titles to those vanquish'd Crowns,
And build my Happiness on Love and Friendship.

Ferd. It will not be, we cannot both possess her;
And either to resign's Impossible.
Therefore delay no longer, if thou dost,
I here call back the name of Friend again;
And will proceed as an inveterate Foe.

Cesario. But this Embrace, and then proceed to blood.
Now Fate, ordain me Love, or give me Death.

[Embrace.]

Ferd.

Ferd. Thou hast thy wish, *Urania* now is thine; [*Fight, and both*
And may those powers that give her to your Arms, ^{wounded}
Crown all your Days and Nights with endless Joys. [*Ferd. falls.*

Cesa. That wish is kind, but oh it comes too late.
For Death has been too busy with us both,
And we both fall each others Sacrifice. [*Falls.*

Enter King, Tachmas, Sigismund, Oswald, and Soldiers:

Osw. Behold, my Lord, the fatal deed is done;
See where th' unhappy Rivals, Arm in Arm,
Are mixing Blood, as they have join'd their Souls.

Tach. How fares my Brother?

Cesa. Near my last safe Harbour,
Let me the little time I have to live,
Imploy in begging Pardon of my King,
And one kind farewell word to my *Urania*.

King. Haste, haste, and bring that most unhappy Innocence;
Made wretched by a Fathers harsh Decree.

Cesa. O Brother, Place me nearer to my Friend:
No more my Enemy, yet still my Rival,
My generous Rival, still though's be in Death.

Ferd. My dear *Cesar*, I must bid farewell:
For cruel Death too hasty drags me hence.
Urania hates me, and 'tis time to die.

But whither I shall go, too cruel Fair,
The shades of black Despair can only tell.

Pusht from the World by thy Distain and Scorn,
I drop into the dark side of Eternity ——— [*Dist.*

Cesar. Farewel, thou Royal Convert of true Honour. [*Enter Ardel.*

Ardel. Where, where's the King? oh, Sir, the poor *Urania*!

King. Ha! what of her?

Ardel. If Horror and Confusion

Will lend me Breath to speak. Unhappy Princess!

Alarm'd by the false *Oswald's* treach'rous Tongue,

That your Commands had given *Cesar* death;

Her generous Despair for her dear Lord,

In her own Breast has plung'd her fatal Dagger.

Cesar. For me! this was too much. Oh Love! thy Altar
Was never loaden with so rich a Victim.

Ardel. And all the small remains of life that's left her,
She comes to sigh out in his dying Arms.

Enter

Enter Urcania bleeding, her hair hanging loose, led by two Women.

Uran. Lead, lead me to this dismal scene of Horrour.
Place me but near to my poor dying Lord,
And in his Arms, I'll quit the World with pleasure.

Cesar. Ye cruel Powers ! this stabs my very Soul.
Is there no Help, no Art, no succouring Angels
To save her Life ?

Uran. Wer't in the Power of Fate,
The precious Balm of thy kind Tears wou'd do't.
But 'tis too late.

King. My dear unhappy Daughter,
What has thy Rashness done !

Uran. Nothing but only paid
The Debts of dying Love, tho' cruel Fate
Divorc'd me from his Arms, and cancell'd all
Our marriage Joys ; yet in the Grave, in that

Cold Bridal Bed, I shall not be deny'd
To lie a sleeping Virgin by thy side.

King. Of all these Ruines only I am Author !

Cesar. Can then my kind and generous Princess
Leave all her Greatness, all her blooming Youth,
Let those dear Eyes, those sparkling Twins of Love,
And all that mighty Mass of infinite Beauty,
Lie undistinguish'd in the common Heap
Of mould'ring Dust, ghastly as Death and wish'd
As naked scraggy Roots of unborn Flowers,
And all for her unhappy, worthless Slave ?

Uran. Could I do less to shew I lov'd *Cesar* ?
The meanest of my Sex can live and love,
Each common Spark inspires that feeble heat,
To die for Love is only truly great :
Nor is this all the Glory of my Death,
You Gods ! I bring my Innocence to Heaven.

Free from Loves grosser and impurer Charms,
I die a Virgin in my Husbands Arms.

[*Exit.*]

Cesa. She's dead, she's dead, meet her you Gods, oh meet her :
Throw open all the shining Gates of Heaven ;
And sally out, thick as the Beams of Day :
To her Immortal Praise, new tune your Spheres,

At

At her dear Feet your brightest Diadems lay,
For this is Beauties Coronation Day;

But still in all her Heavenly Pomp she wants
Her Loyal Slave, I come, dear Saint, I come.

Oh let thy Soul one moment stay its flight,
And take mine with thee to Eternal Light.

[Exit:]

Enter Sigismund.

Sig. Forgive, dread Sir, the ungrateful sounds I bring,
The popular fury and your Armies Rage
For their Dear General, and Princes Blood,
Is swell'd so high, that where the Storm will break
I tremble but to think; their Impious murmurs
No less than at your Royal Scepter fly.

King. My Scepter, why 'tis what I'm weary of:
It may be *Tachmas*, 'twill to thee descend;
But when the Royal Helm is in thy hand,
Oh let my Wrack thy warning Seemark stand,
Shun but my Guilt, and with a prosperous Tyde,
Safe from my Rock the Royal Vessel Guide.

[Exit omnes.]

EPILOGUE. Spoken by M^r Knight.

Written by Mr. DRYDEN.

AS a young sprightly Widow of the Town,
That had many years the marriage Comfort known.

Believing She had once the best of Men,
Resolves to try her Fortune o'er again:

So our Young scribbling Fool, that found before
Your kind Indulgence, needs must write once more.

Play'd with an itch that does through Poets run,
Who once being enter'd, never can be done.

He says my Intercession cannot fail,
And that a pleasing Female must prevail.

I told him, I should never bid his Play,
As having ne'er oblig'd, I mean your May.

And that in times of War you'll damn his Cause,
Just like Jack Boots, only for present use.

Till your Convenience serv'd to stand at door,
Then laid by, by the Poet's pen to be no more.

Business of Love must now be tender Passion,
Your Heads are bent, & with business of the Nation.

And when your Ladies sigh for a soft word,
You hear, Ray, bring my Pistols, fetch my Sword.

What Hopes then I can'd have be well might guess;
Pray Heaven, these jarring days may quickly cease.

Women and Misers always pray for peace,
Plunder of Gold, the Miser's fear does move,

Ours, that we shall not plunder'd be of Love.
For to say truth, tho' Soldiers all are brave,

They're the worst Lovers that our Sex can have.
For now a days, their duty grows so hard,

They're always Resty when they mount our Guard.
However I must try my Luck, If then

There chance to be amongst you, Gentlemen,
Any so kind to hear what I can say,

Then I invoke in favour of this Play.
It has some Wit, tho' mix'd with many a Fanny,

Some little Fancy too; but as for Plot,
There are so many New ones found elsewhere,

He thought not worth his time to make one here;
And therefore tho' you can't that Part applaud,

Clap now, for there's a Pumpkin Plot abroad.

FINIS.

